



The Fryer Well-fitted.

O R,

A pretty J st that once befell,
How a Maid put a Fryer to cool in the Well.
To a merry Tune.



A s I lay musing all a lone,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
A pretty feast I thought upon,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Then listen a while, and I will you tell,
Of a Fryer that lov'd a bonny Lasse well
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dil'y.

He came to the Maid when she went to bed
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Desiring to have her maiden-head,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
But she denyed his desire,
And told him that she fear'd Hell fire:
Fa, la, &c.

Thus (quoth the Fryer) thou need'st not
Fa, la, la, la, la. (doubt
If thou wert in Hell, I coul'd sing the out,
Fa, la, la, la, la. (request,
Then (quoth the Maid) thou shalt have thy
The Fryer was glad as Fox in his nest,
Fa, la, &c.

But one thing (quoth she) I do desire,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Before you have what you require,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Before that you shall doe the thing,
An Angel in money thou shalt me bring,
Fa, la, &c.

Thus, quoth the Fryer we shall agree,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
So money shall part my Love and me,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Before that I will see the lack,
He pawned my grey Cow from my back.
Fa, la, &c.

The Maid hath bought her of a tulle,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
How she the Fryer might beguile,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
While he was gone the truth to tell,
She hung a cloath before the well,
Fa, la, &c.

The Fryer came as his covenant was,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
With money unto his bonny Lasse,
Fa, la, la, la, la.
God mo:row sair Maid, god mo:row quoth
Here is the money I promised thee. (he,
Fa, la, la, &c.

She thank'd the man, and she took his money
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Now let us go to't, quoth he, sweet honey.
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Oh stay, quoth she, some respite make,
My Father comes, he will me take.
Fa, la, la, la, la.
Fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dil'y.



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The second part,

to the same tune.



A Las (quoth the Fryer) where shall I
Fa, la, la, la, la. (run,

To hide me till that he be gone,

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Behind the cloath run thou, quoth she,

And there my Father cannot thee see.

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly.

Behind the cloath the Fryer crept

Fa, la, la, la, la.

And into the Well on the sudden he leapt,

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Alas quoth he, I am in the Well,

No matter quoth she, if thou wert in Hell.

Fa, la, la, &c.

Thou saiest thou couldest sing me out of Hell

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Now I pray thee sing thy self out of the Well

Fa, la, la, la, la.

The Fryer sung on with a pittifull sound

Oh help me out; or I shall be drown'd.

Fa, la, la, la, &c.

I trow quoth she, your courage is col'd

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Quoth the Fryer, I never was so col'd

Fa, la, la, la, la.

I never was serbed so before (no more

When take had quoth she, thou com'st there

Fa, la, &c.

Quoth he, for sweet Saint Francis sake
Fa, la, la, la, la.

On his Disciple pittie take

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Quoth the Saint Francis never taught

His Discollers to tempt young Pados to

Fa, la, &c.

(naught.

The Fryer did intreat her kin

Fa, la, la, la, la.

That she would help him out of the Well

Fa, la, la, la, la.

She heard him make much pittious moan

She helpt him out and bid him be gone.

Fa, la, &c.

Quoth he, shall I have my money again

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Which thou from me hast before-hand tane

Fa, la, la, la, la.

God sir, said she, there's no such matter

He make you pay for souling my water.

Fa, la, &c.

The Fryer went all along the street,

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Drooping wet like a new washed Shep

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Both old and young commended the Pado,

That such a witty prank had playd.

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly.

Finis.